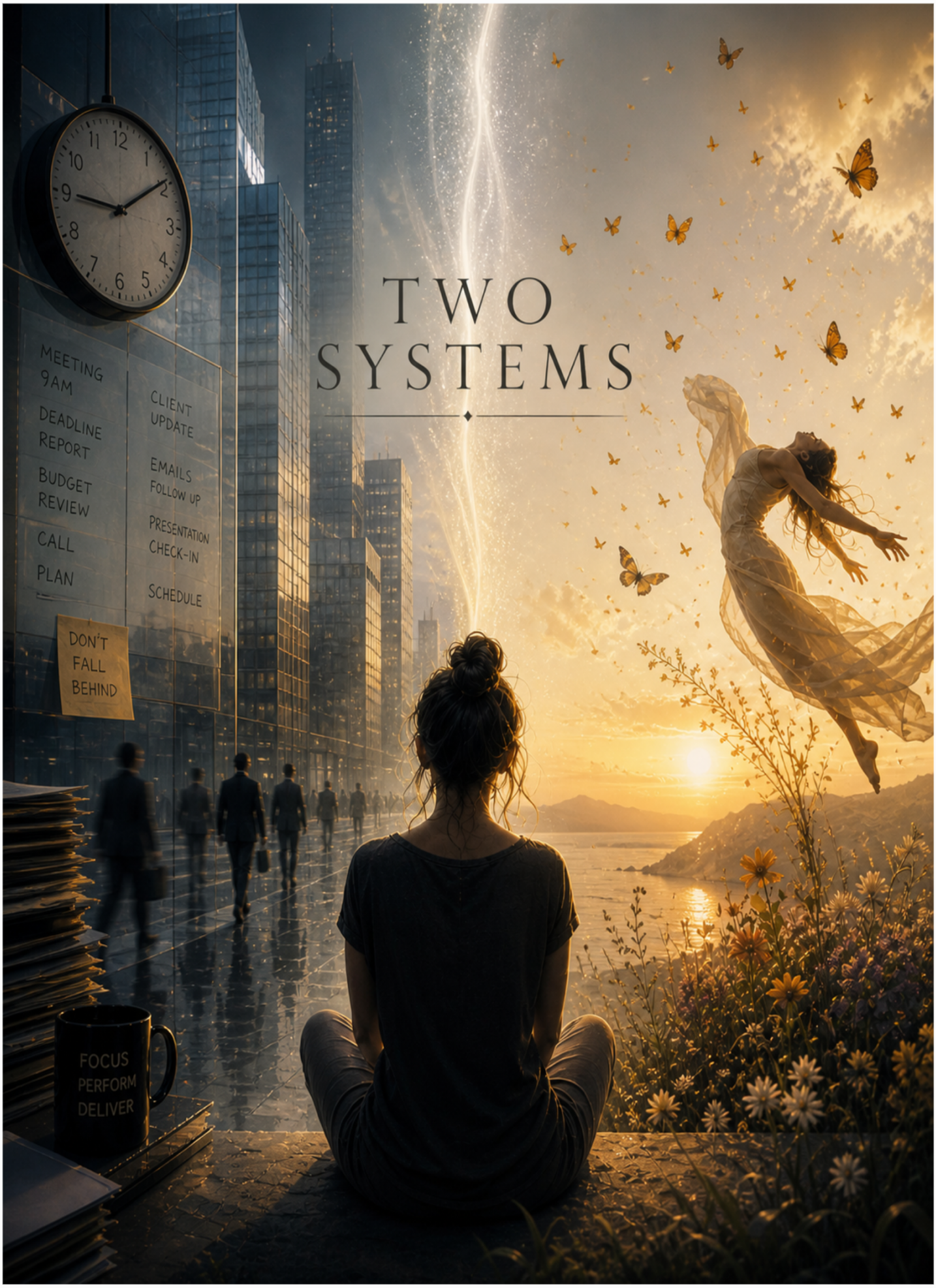
TWO SYSTEMS
MEETING 9AM
DEADLINE REPORT
BUDGET REVIEW
CALL
PLAN
CLIENT UPDATE
EMAILS FOLLOW UP
PRESENTATION CHECK-IN
SCHEDULE
DON'T FALL BEHIND
FOCUS PERFORM DELIVER

I catch it early now—
that small electrical twitch
behind the ribs,
the spark that thinks it is a
fire.

Once, it would crown itself
king,
declare a war in my name,
drag every passing moment
into its courtroom.

But I lean in—
quiet, almost amused—

and say:

no.
this is not betrayal.
this is translation failing.

One system counts and
measures—
time slots, faces,
expectations,
the practiced smile at the
open door,
the choreography of getting
through.

The other dissolves—
heat in the hips,
a drifting constellation of
wants,
a body that answers to no
clock.

They were never meant
to speak the same language.

One builds corridors.
One walks through walls.

So I stop forcing a treaty.
No merger. No verdict.

No demand that one
explain itself to the other.

Let them run—
parallel, stubborn, complete.

The anger pauses—
confused,
as if I have taken away its
script,
its grand accusation.

It gutters like a candle
starved of air,
a blade with nothing to cut.

And in that gap—
small, but widening—
something else breathes:

a space without verdict,
a body not on trial,
a mind no longer
its own courtroom.

The wheel still turns,
yes—
but slower now,
less certain of its purpose.

I stand beside it,
not crushed beneath,

watching
two entire worlds
refuse to become each other-

and for once,
letting that be enough.